

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



RESCUED.

THE TALL MAN.

BY GUSTAV NIERITZ.

CHAPTER IX.—THE COLD BATH.

THAT night Lane sat in the corner of the guard-room, with his head resting on his hands, wrapped in his own thoughts, and paying no attention to his comrades, who were either dozing, drinking, or playing at cards. What Bertram had told him about Blitterman stung him almost to frenzy,

and cast a gleam of light upon his misfortunes which he instinctively felt to be true. He remembered that Blitterman had great skill in imitating handwriting, and now, when he remembered the letter which took him to Oppach on that fatal evening, purporting to be from his friend, and recollected that the attack upon him must have been prearranged, his fury was so great that he dashed his immense fist almost through the table, greatly astonishing his comrades.

"Knavel! are you mad? have you lost your senses?" shouted Wimmer. "First you sit all the evening in your sulks, and then you begin to rage as if an evil spirit possessed you. Who are you glaring at?"

Lane had sprung up and was looking very fierce, with his arm outstretched at the corporal, whom for the instant he took for Blitterman himself. Wimmer's words recalled him to himself in time. He passed his hand over his forehead, and said "Forgive me, I did not know where I was."

"It is well you pulled up in time," grumbled Wimmer.

"Indeed I was thinking of other things and not of you, corporal, so don't be wrathful."

"Let it pass," said Kieswetter, one of the life-guards to whom Lane had shown a kindness, and who liked the grave reserved man. "Come, Lane, drink and drown woe."

He frothed up a can of Berlin beer and held it out to Lane, who could not refuse the pledge. He sent out for more, and even Wimmer forgot his momentary affront and joined in good fellowship.

"I saw the Crown Prince this morning when I was on duty before the palace," said Lane.

"Not likely," said Kieswetter. "For a long time the prince has not left Rhinesberg, and what should bring him to Berlin now?"

"Ah, our king never wants to see him," said Wimmer. "You have taken some country squire for the Crown Prince."

"But he spoke to me," said Lane.

"How should you know him when you had never seen him," said Kieswetter; "describe him."

"I only noticed the prince's eyes, which were blue, but so piercing that they seemed to scorch one through."

The grenadiers looked at each other in astonishment.

"But I will never believe he spoke to you," said Wimmer, "for he hates the whole of the tall body-guard whom his father loves so well; and if Fritz had his way we should be all dispersed. When he becomes king we may pack up and march! But what did he say to you? and did his graciousness take the colour of silver or gold?"

"Of neither; only of kindness."

"Humbug!" shouted Wimmer, laughing. "The Berlin humbug has infected you already."

"Wind! wind!" cried the soldiers in chorus, and laughed with their corporal.

But now it was time to break up. Those who were to mount guard turned out, the others stretched themselves out to sleep till their turn should come. Lane did not sleep; he was a prey to painful and intolerable thoughts.

The first customer who entered the shop of the merchant Brenart the next morning was Lane; Bertram was sweeping out the shop before the others arrived.

"My boy," said he, "weigh me out half an ounce of snuff for threepence, and tell me what more you know of my family."

Bertram obeyed. "About two months ago I went from Henen to Frankfort, and there I saw your former clerk, Solrigg, who told me a great deal about Blitterman. He keeps watch over your mother and my aunt; nobody sees them except when he takes them an airing in a carriage. He goes with them everywhere, even to church. He dresses like a fine

gentleman, and seems always to have money. He brought your funeral certificate from Bingen, and the gold ring you used to wear."

"Ha!" said Lane; "the ring was taken from me by my kidnappers, and I grieved for it a great deal more than for my watch and money, which they took at the same time. My wife had given it to me before we were married, and she would be sure I should not part with it except with my life. I do not wonder she thinks me dead. That wretch! that treacherous wretch!"

Lane could only groan in the bitterness of his soul, for how could he hope to destroy all the crafty webs woven by Blitterman? He could not leave his post; to attempt to desert would be madness—an impossibility. Lane's first step was naturally to tell his friends, Herr Kruzer and his excellent wife, of the occurrences that had broken the monotony of his life, with hopes that were almost fears. They both entered very heartily into his case.

The private secretary advised the greatest caution, and, above all, silence in his proceedings. He entreated Lane to be more attentive than ever in his military duties, and not, by either word or deed, to give cause for suspicion that he had anything more than usual on his mind. He himself wrote letters to the magistrates of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, enclosing and attesting the letter written by Lane in his own proper name of Leo Librecht Hiebendahl, giving a brief, business-like account of his capture by the recruiting-party, and his present position as soldier in the King of Prussia's regiment of Grenadier Life-guards. Lane also wrote letters to each of his most intimate friends and acquaintances in Frankfort—to the friend whose counterfeited letter had been the means of drawing him to Oppach on that fatal evening. Also he wrote more than one letter to his dear wife and to his mother (for fear some accident might happen to delay or prevent his missive reaching its destination).

It was considered too dangerous to commit any of these letters to the post. The authorities were suspicious, and Lane had already tried many stratagems to send letters to Frankfort without success, and the private secretary naturally wished to keep out of the scrape, which would have had serious consequences if his share in the matter were discovered. King Frederick William did not like his grenadiers to be encouraged in schemes of liberty. It was necessary to find some trusty and careful messenger to go to Frankfort and take the letters in person. Bertram was the only person who could be absolutely depended upon for devotion and fidelity to his uncle. He was very young; Blitterman had destroyed his character in Frankfort, and there was a chance that he might not be believed even with his credentials; but as he had found his way from Frankfort to Berlin once, he would have all the less difficulty in finding his way back. The private secretary saw him and talked to him. "The lad is honest," said he, "and that is the first quality in all undertakings; nothing will supply its place; he is devoted to his uncle, and he is reasonably intelligent, but his nature is very soft and credulous, and his very zeal in the cause makes me fear that he will be led into some mistake, for that scoundrel Blitterman is clever and unscrupulous, and will be fighting for more than his life if he once gets a hint of Bertram's mission; he is capable of getting him put into prison on the

old story of theft; that it was a pure invention of his malice will make no difference. Bertram must be well cautioned and put upon his guard. I should recommend him to seek the magistrates and to give his letters to them, and beg them to act. I confess I have no faith in his power, unaided, to obtain an interview with Madame Librecht Hiebendahl, and he will want help to circumvent such a cunning villain as Blitterman."

Bertram was delighted with the mission and sanguine as to success. Blitterman was his own enemy as well as his uncle's. The consent of Bertram's master to transfer him to the service of the private secretary was easily obtained, and as soon as it was prudent Bertram, well provided with money and instructions, started on his journey for Frankfort.

"You have done your best, dear friend, all that was possible," said Madame Kruzer to Lane, when next she saw him, "and now you must leave the result to our Heavenly Father, in whose hands are the issues of life."

Poor Lane tried very hard to keep his mind calm, but this hope was more trying than even his former state of despair. That Blitterman should wish to marry his Agnes was the idea that stung him almost to madness, and that he might persuade her to consent under the idea that it would be for the good of her children, made the fear a probability. Strangely enough, the routine of his military duties was his great resource; the unchanging regularity and the minute detail of every day and hour occupied his mind in spite of himself, and gave him constant employment. It was when with his pupils, with his sympathising friends, Herr Kruzer and his wife, that the fears and hopes of his position became almost intolerable. His pupils found him changed and preoccupied, and their walks and excursions were not nearly so entertaining as formerly, but still they liked to go out with the "big good soldier," as they affectionately called him; for though now silent and absorbed, he was always kind and gentle. One evening he was returning with them from a somewhat longer excursion than usual, and to shorten the return home they went over a bridge leading to the Berlin water-mills, which are built beside the Spree.

Absorbed in thought as to how far Bertram was likely to have proceeded on his journey, Lane followed the boys. A sharp cry roused him; he looked up and around; a head and two arms, which rose out of the river on the side of the mill-stream, told what had happened. In an instant Lane had sprung into the stream and succeeded in catching hold of the boy in his strong grasp. It required the exercise of all his strength and skill to avoid being drawn by the stream among the crushing mill-wheels. At last he succeeded in reaching a strong wooden post, which he grasped with his disengaged arm until assistance should come. When he had time to look at the boy, who was clinging convulsively to him, he saw that it was Detler, the son of the gentleman-in-waiting. The boy was alive, and beyond the fright and the immersion, had sustained no injury. The cries of the other boys brought out all the people in the neighbourhood, and Lane and the boy whom he had saved were soon rescued from all further danger. Detler was carried to the nearest mill and put into a warm bed, whilst a messenger was sent to his mother.

Detler opened his large black eyes, and held out his hand to Lane, who was sitting beside his bed. "My father must know nothing of this," he said, in an anxious voice. "I knew it was you when you jumped into the water; nobody else could have had the strength to save me. I was so frightened! What will my mother say?"

Madame Eversmann soon arrived. She was a fragile, delicate-looking woman, and seemed to be of that melancholy temperament which has so great an influence upon the body; and Lane felt confirmed in his impression that the first gentleman-in-waiting, and the king's favourite, was a very tyrannical husband and father, that both wife and son trembled before him.

"Your father knows nothing of this," said she, in a low voice; "he is in waiting on the king; only try not to fall ill."

To Lane she expressed many earnest thanks, and she did not say what Lane said to himself, that if he had not been so absorbed in his own thoughts the accident might not have happened. Detler was taken home by his mother, and Lane returned to the barracks, where he had plenty of occupation the rest of the evening in drying and cleaning his uniform and accoutrements, which were none the better for having been in the mud of the river.

He felt anxious about Detler; the boy was so delicate that he feared he would suffer from the shock and the fright. He called the next day to inquire, but only saw the maid-servant, who seemed very stupid. On the third day after the accident, as Lane was returning to the barracks from guard, he was met by Wilhelm, the son of the barrack-servant, who was very fond of Lane. "Oh," cried he with eagerness, "you are to go directly to the house of Herr von Eversmann, the king's gentleman; his son, Herr Detler, wants to see you."

Lane got leave of absence and went at once, anxious to know what Detler had to say to him. Lane had imagined that because Herr von Eversmann was the king's favourite and a man of rank, he would reside in a fine house; in this respect he was quite mistaken; it was a small house, plainly, and even poorly, furnished. Detler's bedroom, into which he was at once taken, looked into a gloomy and confined courtyard, and the room itself looked almost poverty-stricken. Madame Eversmann received him kindly, and Detler's eyes, which were larger and brighter than ever, shone with pleasure on seeing him.

"My Detler longed to see you," said she, "and I desired it as much as he, to tell you once more how grateful I am to you for having saved my one and only blessing in this world. What should I have been now but for you? a despairing mother beside the coffin of my child!" She burst into tears, and stretched out her hand to Lane, who felt that she had in the hand-clasp conveyed a heavy rouleau of silver to him. Lane drew back, and put down the rouleau as hastily as though he had been burned. "Oh," said Madame Eversmann, with an imploring gesture, "do not pain us by refusing our gift; it is very small, but it comes from grateful hearts."

Lane was both pained and perplexed; he was hurt by the gift of money for an act of humanity; but a flash of insight told him that this gift represented a great effort on the part of Detler and his mother. He remembered to have heard that the father was a great miser, who subjected his wife

and child to privations of the common necessities of life, which, living as he did chiefly in the palace, he did not either feel or share, and Lane felt that this money had not been easily spared, though the sum was small. He had only a moment to resolve what to do.

"Dear lady," said he, "do not ask me to take money; let me have the comfort of acting like a human being. If you only knew how great a blessing it is to me to hear words of kindness you would not offer me money. I will trust you with my history and my secret." As briefly as might be he told her who and what he was, and how he had been kidnapped from his native city and turned into one of the king's grenadiers. He imparted to her his hopes of release, forgetting for the moment that he had little Detler for an auditor. The child's sobs brought him to his recollection. "I have trusted you now," he said, "with more than my life; one indiscreet word would ruin all my hopes."

"You have nothing to fear from us," said the lady, again extending her hand. "I thank you for your confidence; we are henceforth friends, are we not?"

Detler wiped his tears away, and raised his head to kiss Lane, who stooped down to caress him as if he had been his own little Dietrich, and promised to come again when he was allowed. On reaching the barracks, however, he found the rouleau had been placed in his pocket!

CHAPTER X.—THE NIGHT-WATCH.

THE anniversary of the day on which Lane had been kidnapped came round. It was a gusty November night. Lane was on guard in the king's ante-room. All in the castle had retired to rest; at least, entire silence prevailed, but the halls and passages were still dimly lighted with lamps. In the ante-room a subdued light came from an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling by a gilt chain, and shone upon the broad bands of gilding and arabesques which adorned the walls. The ceiling was painted with groups of little cupids fluttering amongst garlands of flowers. The floor, which was inlaid with slabs of various coloured marble, shone like a mirror. High folding-doors on each side of the ante-room led to the inner apartments. Lane, the sentry, stood immovable at his post, though the storm within his breast was more fierce than the storm that was raging without. The sense of the cruelty and injustice and treachery to which he had been subjected seemed too terrible to endure; he for the moment was tempted by blank despair to doubt the goodness of God, and to rebel against the deadly affliction which had been laid upon him. The dread of even worse sorrow than he had already borne crushed his heart. What if Bertram never reached Frankfort! a thousand accidents might happen. What if he were too late, and Blitterman, by his insidious persuasion, should have already persuaded Agnes to become his wife! Who could tell the threats and forebodings of ruin to the children with which Blitterman might have enforced his persuasions? Agnes was so young, so helpless, and isolated from all friends, he never for an instant blamed his wife, he understood her position, though, alas! it was far more painful and difficult than he imagined, for he did not know that she believed he had committed suicide. He did not know of the crafty letter which had been forged in

his name and put into her hands, adding bitterness and distrust to her grief, and forming a fatal secret, of which Blitterman might avail himself by threatening to ruin the memory of her children's father. Had Lane known this, it is likely that his despair might have been too strong; but he was not left to himself, and he was in merciful ignorance of what would have been such an unspeakable aggravation of his torture. Lane was not left to himself, and his trial was not greater than he could bear, though it was very heavy.

One of the doors out of the ante-room opened upon the king's sleeping apartment, and it seemed a bitter mockery that he, a father and a husband, carried into slavery for that king's caprice, should have to stand there to watch over his safety and his slumbers! Terrible thoughts came into his mind; he seemed to be surrounded by the powers of darkness whispering in his ears; he seemed to have become suddenly surrounded by the darkness of that place "where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth." The sounds of the storm without, the weird voices of the wind, mingled with his own thoughts, and he trembled. With an effort like that which a man makes in a nightmare, he uttered an earnest cry to the all-present God to deliver him from evil. This broke the spell, but he feared lest the dark hour should return. He took out half a sheet of paper and a lead pencil, and turning his cartouche-box round to the front, began to write upon it a letter to his wife. The alabaster lamp gave only a faint and uncertain light, but it was sufficient. He described the horrible midnight hour through which he had just passed, the temptations of his evil nature, his hopes and fears about Bertram's mission; it was his whole soul he poured out. He was so absorbed that he neither saw nor heard a remarkable apparition which entered the hall and moved softly over the marble floor. When it was within a few yards of Lane it said, in a deep but somewhat suppressed bass voice, "What are you doing, guard?"

The questioner had a rather amiable, and by no means a terrible, countenance. He wore a wide silk dressing-gown over his night-shirt, and he had no weapon nor anything of the kind in his hand. But the gigantic guard quivered like a leaf; the pencil fell from his fingers, the paper fluttered to the floor. He seized the musket, which was resting on his left arm, to shoulder and present arms. He had seen the King of Prussia often, but always in full military dress; the present individual bore as little resemblance as might be to the always accurately dressed monarch, but Lane recognised him at once. Indeed, notwithstanding his grotesque costume, his manner, tone, and whole demeanour were imposing. Lane preserved a respectful silence, and his gigantic form stood as firm as a rock.

The king had taken possession of the fallen paper and brought it under the lamp, but as his sight was not strong enough to read the pencil writing, he crushed the letter together and put it into the pocket of his dressing-gown. He then asked the grenadier, quietly and seriously, "What is your name?"

"I am the merchant, Librecht Hiebendahl, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but here, in the regiment, I am called Lane."

The king shook his head, and measured the grenadier with his eyes.

Lane continued in an imploring tone, "Your Majesty, I am a husband and a father; I was kid-

napped and put into your Majesty's body-guard by force. Have pity upon me, and restore me to my family."

His Majesty frowned, and said, "What is it that displeases you in my service? What have you to complain of? of being a soldier? Ha! if I were to ask every man in my army, there are many who wish to be set free. Men require to be forced to fulfil their duties. What would become of the country if it were otherwise?"

"But, your Majesty, Frankfort-on-the-Maine does not belong to your kingdom."

"True; the old free town does not belong to any king or country; it ought to feel honoured when one of her sons serves under my banners."

Lane was about to speak; his lips were parted eagerly, when the king said, harshly, "Silence! not one word more, under pain of my displeasure!" and then he left the ante-room as noiselessly as he had entered.

Lane stood gazing after him with feelings of stupefaction. He had seen and spoken to the king as he had so long and so earnestly wished; so a little dim hope began to flicker in his heart. Would the king read his letter—the outpouring of his half-mad despair? If he should do so, what would be the effect? Lane did not feel altogether free from fear; the king might think him too dangerous to be one of his life-guards, and order him to be imprisoned in a dungeon or in a fortress, whence he would have no hope or chance of escape.

Three days passed, and nothing occurred out of the ordinary routine of barrack life. Lane gradually became reassured as to the consequences of his adventure, and went to give his lessons on the usual day at the private secretary's house, but he was too early, the boys had not yet arrived. The private secretary was in his office, and his wife was busily engaged in household affairs. To beguile his anxieties respecting Bertram's mission, he took up the "Frankfort General Advertiser," which happened to be on the table. His eye fell on some intelligence in unusually large characters, and darkness seemed to come over him. He remained motionless for two minutes, his hand before his eyes, which he thought must have deceived him. Then he took courage. "No, it is impossible," he said, in a decided tone; "it was an illusion of the senses or of the evil one;" and he read again as follows:—

"To-day, October 15th, we were made man and wife.

"Maurice Blitterman.

"Agnes Blitterman, widow Hiebendahl (*née Löser*)."

Then followed the announcement that the business was still carried on under the old name of "J. G. Hiebendahl and Son," and friends were requested to continue their patronage.

Lane did not read the last lines, the other portion was enough for him!

Unconsciously, he rose from the chair, mechanically he took up the hat which he had laid down, pressed it over his brow, and staggered out of the room and out of the house, without being seen by any one. The farther he went the faster he walked—he soon left the town behind him.

Wilhelm, the son of the barrack-servant, and Lena, Wimmer's daughter, met him.

"Where are you going, Lane?" cried the children; "you have got on seven-leagued boots."

Lane did not answer, but walked on. The children shook their heads as they looked after him, and wearied themselves with conjectures as to what could be the matter with Lane.

Lane did not make his appearance at the roll-call that evening, nor did he go to his sleeping-room. Desertion was suspected, improbable as it seemed from the fact that Lane had gone in his uniform just as he was, without any change of dress. The majority of his comrades were of opinion that he had met with an accident; nevertheless, the usual preparations for pursuing a deserter were made without any delay.

"He must be out of his mind," said Corporal Wimmer, "if he has really run away. What had he to complain of? His teaching gave him a larger income than any of us. And does he value his back so little as to run the risk of the punishment that befell Arnold? Run away! Ha! Ha! Why the fellow's gigantic stature would of itself betray him."

"I hope Lane will get clear off, poor fellow," said Wilhelm to Lena, "although I should be very sorry if I thought we were never to see him again. I pity him with all my heart. Despair was in his face when he met us."

The measures for the recapture of deserters were so stringent in Prussia, that a soldier very rarely succeeded in his attempt to escape. A grenadier had even less than the usual chance, for his immense height would of itself betray him. The punishment for desertion was terrible.

On the second day after his disappearance Lane was brought back. He had been taken on the road to Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The very fact that he had gone along the high road, without showing any fear or wish for concealment, made those who saw him think that he was on leave, or had been sent on some special purpose. He had gone on without any pause, or allowing himself rest or sleep. At last, some one asked to see his passport, and received an unsatisfactory and indeed a wild answer. He had resisted his capture, although unarmed, with all the strength of his gigantic frame, and had struck several men to the ground with his fist before he could be overpowered and bound. When he was brought to the barracks and taken out of the cart, Wilhelm and Lena were present among the other spectators.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lena, "it frightens me to see Lane. Does he not look like a murderer? I should not have known him again; he used to be so gentle and kind. Look! Wilhelm, how terribly his eyes glare, and how he gnashes his teeth."

"If he could only get his arms and hands free," she continued, "how he would lay about him! I must tell my father to be on his guard."

"He would not hurt my father," said Wilhelm, "if he were in ever so great a rage, because he is a cripple and has only one hand. How often has Lane, though he was once a rich man and a gentleman, swept out the barrack-yard for my father, and done us other services. If he has to run the gauntlet I will not look on. I shall cry my eyes out!"

"You could not give them to him," replied Lena, "therefore, you may as well keep them yourself. How glad I am that girls are not obliged to be soldiers."

"Poor Lane!" said Wilhelm, sorrowfully, as he saw him led off to prison.

The grenadier looked up at these words, gazed at the boy, and his hollow eyes filled with tears.

Kapiolani.

"In 1825, five years after the first missionaries landed in Hawaia, Kapiolani, a woman of high rank, while living at Kaiwaoloa (where Captain Cook was murdered) became a Christian. Grieving for her people, most of whom still feared to anger Pélé, she announced that it was her intention to visit Kilauea (the largest known volcano), and dare the fearful goddess to do her worst. Her husband and many others tried to dissuade her, but she was resolute, and taking with her a large retinue, she took a journey of one hundred miles, mostly on foot, over the rugged lava, till she arrived near the crater. There a priestess of Pélé met her, threatened her with the displeasure of the goddess if she persisted, and prophesied that she and her followers would perish miserably. Then, as now, *ohelo* berries grew profusely round the terminal wall of Kilauea, and there, as elsewhere, were sacred to Pélé, no one daring to eat of them till he had first offered some of them to the divinity. It was usual on arriving at the crater to break a branch covered with berries, and, turning the face to the pit of fire, throw half the branch over the precipice, saying, 'Pélé, here are your *ohelos*. I offer some to you, some I also eat;' after which the natives partook of them freely. Kapiolani gathered and ate them without this formula, after which she and her company of eighty persons descended to the black edge of Hale-mau-mau. There, in full view of the fiery pit, she thus addressed her followers: 'Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pélé. If I perish by the anger of Pélé, then you may fear the power of Pélé; but if I trust in Jehovah, and he should save me from the wrath of Pélé, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaia are vain! Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God!' Then they sang a hymn. It was more sublime than Elijah's appeal on the soft green slopes of Carmel."—*The Hawaiian Archipelago, by Isabella Bird.*

IT was a toilsome journey, league on league
Across the pathless wild. Three times the sun
Above the orient seas had climbed to noon,
And all the waters bound in girdling light,
Then travelled slowly to the golden west;
And distant still the mountain summit glowed,
With pulsing fire that mocked the night and man.
Now morning came beneath the plummy palms,
And Kapiolani woke her tardy tribe
With words of faith more strong than Pélé's spells;
Like sylvan priestess, whose beseeching eyes
Spoke some near Presence hid from common view.
A white robe wrapped the dusky chieftainess,
And where she plunged into green depths of shade,
And waved them onward with uplifted arm,
Showed, like a knight's pure crest in holy war,
When red blood flows, borne ever to the front.

The forest tracks were tangled with wild growths,
Festoons of beauty binding tree to tree,
Like masts with glossy cordage intertwined;
And gorgeous blooms beset the weary feet,
The many-coloured wreaths that nature weaves
And art but sees in dreams; while like a mist
Which holds the glory of the noon diffused,
An odour floated o'er them, blending all
In one sweet airy essence. Now the way
Led upward, where the falling waters leapt
To cooler depths, mid rugged sun-scorched rocks,
Chaotic, where the swift stream gurgling smote
The hardy swimmer trained to ride the surge,
On coral reef, and hurled him back to find
Another passage. Evening showed their goal,
With fires that brightened at the sun's decline,
And held them constant, as yon starry Cross
The wistful sailor tossing on the seas.

So wore the days; and soon the pilgrim band,
Drawn onward by the larger soul that ruled,
Like babbling waters lost in one great tide,
Had reached the higher slopes. Beneath their feet
The lava spread, a molten sea congealed

In bonds more potent than the icy chains
Of polar realms,—now rippled as with waves,
And rugged to the tread, now smooth to tempt
A fall,—a vast expanse, where torrent strove
With torrent once, rending the mountain side,
And rolled destruction. Forms of beauty clung
About the fire-stained rocks, and waves of green
Contended with the grey, cold waves of stone;
And last, the fairy ferns shook out their plumes
High overhead, as if to win the waste
With tender graces. Then, the scene all changed;
The ashen flood held sway unbroken, save
Where errant seed sought life, or scattered bush
Uphore the ruddy banquet Pélé loved,
The sacred berries, tinged with fiery red.
No bird with flashing wing made bright the air,
Or dared those frowning heights with cheerful song;
No insect danced along the sunbeam's path.
Strange fumes swept downward, pungent to the sense
And sounds more awful than the thunder-crash—
Mysterious, muffled, like some caverned sea—
Appalled the trembling pilgrims.

Night came down
With swift still step across the golden skies,
But brought new terrors: lo! her silver robes
Ensanguined, and her starry train all dim,—
The firmament aglow with earth-born clouds,
That throbbled with angry life, one moment white
With mighty passion, and the next blood-red
With pulsing force; while the near mountain flamed
With flashing fires intenser than the gleam
Of many lightnings.

Kapiolani slept,
Untouched by fear. Perchance bright visions passed
In heaven's eclipsing light before her eyes.
The spirit lives not only on the earth,
Nor draws its energies from common air,
Nor only sees the goal of mortal strength.
Her heart had communed with the things unseen
That faith discloses; nought she knew of old

Heroic story, nought of human fame ;
 But one sole act, much pondered, filled her life
 With fervour of devotion,—that great death
 Whereby with blood Christ sets the basest free,
 And gives the dying life. The sacred sense
 Of kinship with the Father in the skies
 Was hers, the trust that lifts the lowly heart
 To heights of holy doing. God, who made
 All nations of one blood, and through the same
 All-righteous Lord binds in one kingdom,—that
 Nor east nor west should glory, nor the lands
 Whose spreading plains are furrowed with the deeds
 Of heroes dead despise the isles remote,
 Nor paler race the dark,—this God she knew ;
 His love had sought her with redeeming words,
 A child of nature, summoned to partake
 His service. What were Pélé's wrath, if robbed
 In fire-clouds she should dare Jehovah ? what
 The rending earth compared with His dread step
 Who made all worlds ?

Yet Pélé ruled the isles,
 Seen only in the fierce volcano's flame,
 Heard in its muttered thunders, felt when wrath
 She scourged with lava coils the fair green hills ;
 A phantom goddess, terrible the more.
 What marvel that Hawaia's simple race,
 Untutored, trembled at the smoking mount,
 And held it god-possessed ? The mystic fires
 Wrought ever upward from the central earth,
 Resistless,—not the storm-lashed waves so shook
 The coral strand ; they ploughed the level shore
 With shares of flame, and rock on rock upheaved
 From ocean depths, and bound with Alpine chains,
 Till on their ruddy peaks the white snows hissed,
 And spread their cooling mantle. All the land
 Bore marks of fire ; the limpid pools that glassed
 The sunbeams showed its scars beneath ; and like
 Some scorching footstep the black lava track
 Ran through the verdant forests. Now the skies
 Serenely kissed the sleeping mountain, then
 Drew back in terror. Lo ! a pillar held
 By fiery hands that seemed to smite the stars,
 Upreared a thousand feet of solid flame,
 Piercing the midnight of a hundred miles
 With shafts of day. Behold, the palm-groves sway,
 And smoking fall, while the hot torrent rolls
 Its fury downward ; swift as mountain stream,
 Broad as some mighty river of the plains,
 In rippling fire,—with voice of hurricane ;
 A flaming cataract that sweeps to death
 Man and all creatures,—leaping to the sea
 With serpent hiss, in shock that rends the waves !

O Pélé, goddess of the fire-crowned isles,
 Clothed with the lightnings of unnumbered years,
 Lives there the mortal who would brave thine ire ?

Now Manna Loa paled before the sun ;
 Its lofty dome against the azure sky
 Brought earth and heaven near, the peaceful heights
 Where winds disturb not near to fire-built halls
 Where nature languished in convulsive strife.
 The dread Kilauea from lower range
 Its seething cauldrons opened to the day,
 And mocked its glory ; and dire Hale-mau-man,
 "The House of Everlasting Fire," so named
 Of hoar tradition, spread its gates abroad
 Aflame with splendour.

Pélé's priestess came,
 With demon glare, gaunt, haggard, clad in robe
 The fires had fringed, and shrieked her curses, till
 The panting smoke-clouds, sweeping downward, seemed
 To breathe her fury.

Kapiolani drew
 Her shudd'ring people to the crater's brink,
 Where the fierce goddess slumbered, wrapped in fire.
 Now would she prove to all the craven tribes,
 —As erst on Carmel's height Elijah mocked
 The priests of Baal,—that Jehovah reigns ;
 And down the dread abyss she led the way :
 Past blackened walls that mirrored deeper gloom,
 Past rocks now white with breath of former heats,
 And yellow sulphur streams, and rivers caught
 In flaming whirlpools, and then chilled to stone ;
 O'er solid lake, through shivered fortress wild ;
 While darker, denser grew the air, and hot
 The fumes, and scorching to her feet the path.
 The steaming earth scarce hardened to her tread ;
 Or chasm broad or rugged rent opposed
 Her progress, while from caverned depths there came
 Fierce sultry blasts that withered all the strength.
 At last she stood beside the molten sea,
 That flashed and quivered in a thousand waves,
 And rolled its flames with thunders. Never tongue
 Can tell the sight ; for, far as eye could scan,
 The fountains of the fiery deep were loosed,
 Now leaping to the clouds,—in ruddy rain
 Returning,—whirling downward now, in force
 That cleft the scried billows like the might
 Of lightnings multitudinous ; a calm
 Fast cooled the bubbling flood to silver, or
 With roseate hues a moment trocked the flame :
 Quick broken, when in wild volcanic rage,
 With crimson gleam, the surging waves arose,
 And whelmed the toppling cliffs with living fire.
 So, ever restless heaved this flaming sea,
 With flaming pall encompassed, and with sound
 Of throbbing earthquake from the depths unknown.

The dusky queen stood in the lurid light,
 And gazed nor feared. The branch long dedicate
 To Pélé in her hand she held, and broke,
 And gave not first the customary gift,
 But ate the sacred berries, and defied
 The immemorial bond,—while yonder sea
 Lashed the dread throne of Pélé, in their sight.

"Jehovah is our God," she cried ; "these fires
 He kindled ; vain the wrath, and vain the power
 Of dreaded Pélé ; I defy her spells.
 Praise, all ye isles, the great Jehovah's love !"

Then from her lips there rose the liquid strains
 Of simple hymn,—in tongue unknown to fame,
 But burdened with the theme that angels sing ;
 And in the pauses of the thunder-voiced
 Fire billows, its clear cadence fell in notes
 Of faith victorious.

Her people heard,
 And caught the holy song, emancipate
 In sudden freedom. Pélé gave no sign,
 Nor rent the earth, nor flashed her anger forth,
 Her phantom terrors less than airy smoke
 That vanished. Then, far down the island hills
 There went the story of her vanquished name.

W. STEVENA.

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.

CHAPTER III.—GILLRAY.

*The Dagger Scene:—or The Plot discovered*

JAMES GILLRAY, who stands foremost among the political Caricaturists of the reign of George the Third, was the son of a private soldier who served under the Duke of Cumberland, and lost a limb in the battle of Fontenoy. For the last twenty-five years of his life he filled the office of sexton in the Moravian burial-ground of Chelsea, and died in the year 1799. He had the good sense to discern the

peculiar talent of his son, and the self-denial to put up with personal privation in order to procure for him a fair start in the career for which he exhibited a very early predilection. Born in 1757, the boy was placed, at about the age of fourteen or fifteen, with an engraver of letter-plate, under whom he worked hard until he had mastered the mechanical details of the business. He grew sick, however, of

the monotony of a regular round of labour, and running away from his employer, took up with a company of strolling players, with whom he travelled about the country for some time, and the influence of whose wild, rollicking life is sufficiently discernible in the spirit, often too reckless and unrestrained, which characterises certain of his subsequent productions. Ere long he grew as weary of the shiftless, comfortless surroundings of a stroller's life as he



KING GEORGE AND THE MUFFINS.

had ever been of the engraver's workshop, and he returned home. By some means or other, how it is not at all clear, looking to his father's humble circumstances, he obtained admission to the Royal Academy as a student, and there, being in his proper element, felt no more weariness, but went steadily through a course of study which made him one of the first engravers of his age, as well as one of the boldest, readiest, and most correct draughtsmen. He was further fitted for the career of a caricaturist by



THE QUEEN AND THE SPRATS.

an extraordinary assemblage of qualities; he possessed, says an appreciative critic, "wit, humour, fancy, imagination, boldness of conception and execution, inexhaustible fertility and variety, intuitive knowledge of mankind and unerring quickness of perception, which enabled him to catch the passing follies and fleeting fashions of the gay world, as well as the intrigues, corruption, and maladministration of the great. He was a painter of manners as well as a political caricaturist, and during the long period

(little short of forty years) covered by his sketches, there is hardly a marked step in social progress, hardly a change of costume or national caprice of any kind, that is not fixed and recorded for the amusement of contemporaries and the edification of posterity."

It would appear that while following his studies at the Royal Academy, young Gillray supported himself, at the least in part, by the productions of his growing skill. At any rate there are proofs extant, in the shape of juvenile attempts by no means wanting in merit, that at a very early age he had succeeded in establishing some sort of connection with the London publishers—many of these first essays being still preserved in the stores of collectors and connoisseurs. He seems, however, to have first attracted the favourable attention of the public about 1779, when he was twenty-two, and when he sent forth his first work of any significance, called "The Liberty of the Subject." On examining this early performance it will be seen that, effectively as the subject is treated, and plainly as the story is told, the drawing is not by any means so free or so correct as in his later works. Few artists, indeed,



KING GEORGE AND HIS QUEEN.

ever existed who improved more rapidly than Gillray did, or who succeeded so soon in winning at once the applause of the general public and the delighted approval of discriminating judges.

This first work was simply a picture of a circumstance which was of every-day occurrence at the time of its publication. While press and Parliament were loudly boasting of the liberty of the subject, the subject himself, if he happened to be a poor man, was liable to be torn from home and family, and compelled to serve on board of a man-of-war. In the picture we see the process; the pressgang, consisting of an officer, a boatswain, and a party of seamen armed with bludgeons, have captured a poor tailor and are hauling him off, while his poor wife, driven to desperation, is clawing at the head of his chief captor and assailing him with clamorous revilings.

It should be borne in mind that caricature in those days exercised a function for the performance of which there was really no other agency of any importance. There was no cheap press, and the then existing press could hardly be said to be free; and further, if there had been a cheap press, the mass of the population were so ill taught that they would have made but small use of it. But the ignorant populace could see the caricatures in the shop-

windows, and by comparing together the spiteful wit of the "ins" and the "outs," doubtless arrived at the conclusion most agreeable to their own principles. "What men see with their eyes," says the Horatian maxim, "influences them more than what they hear." Thus, the caricaturist in his uncompromising pictures became in some sort the mirror of the time—a distorting, exaggerating mirror, to be sure, but at the same time a humorous, and if often a cruelly severe, yet a truthful one. In the strife of parties neither side entertained the slightest consideration for the feelings of their opponents, nor did either side ever dream of resenting pictorial affronts otherwise than by retaliating with like weapons. Hence the coarsest personalities were allowable. Not only the aristocracy and the senate, but the royal family and the sovereign himself were thought fair game, and rare indeed were the instances in which any personage, however exalted, sought to avenge himself either on the person or the pocket of a caricaturist. This state of things, so auspicious for a man like Gillray, led perhaps more than aught else to the perfection and display of his talent, which was further favoured by the fashions and customs of society then prevailing in the capital. The royal family lived much in public, and the upper classes were distinguished by their costume, instead of being confounded, as they are now, with the crowd. Nearly every person of note was recognised as he walked the streets, and almost all at times were to be encountered in the purlieus of Piccadilly, Bond Street, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall.

Throughout nearly the whole of his artistic career Gillray domiciled with his publisher, a Miss (by courtesy Mrs.) Humphries, who had a shop, first in Bond Street, and afterwards in St. James' Street. From the window of his room over the shop he could observe the celebrities of the day, could sketch their forms and features, and note down their peculiarities—could mark the changing fashions and caprices of the select circle which then called itself "Society," and could make them all in turn the targets of his wit and sarcasm. It is upon his political caricatures that his fame principally rests, not that he was really greater in his treatment of political than of social subjects, but because in his day politics, being of paramount importance and matters of profound interest to all sections of the community, claimed the greater part of his time. It is not evident, at least during the first years of his career, that he was a partisan of either Whigs or Tories, for he seems to have administered castigation pretty freely to each side as they gave him the opportunity. He made a very profitable subject of the royal family, and of the old king especially, whom he served up on all possible occasions with evident gusto, at first not at all in a hostile spirit, but afterwards, when the monarch had given him offence by depreciating his talent, with a severity and a pertinacity which no artist of the present day would think of imitating. Among the many amusing representations of King George, there are some striking hits at his alleged parsimony and meanness; he is toasting a muffin for his meal, and the queen is frying sprats on a gridiron while her pockets are brimming over with money; he is making a dinner of a couple of eggs and a salad; he is drinking tea without sugar in the bosom of his family, and praises it as a delicious cooling drink—the queen at his side recommending abstinence from

sugar on the ground that "It will save poor papa so much expense." The homely life of the sovereign, who it is said preferred to dine off a leg of mutton and turnips from his own farm, rather than indulge in regal luxuries, offered a wide field for ridicule, of which the caricaturists, it is but too plain, did not fail to avail themselves.

Unhappily, the domestic relations of the royal family were not what they should have been, and as, in the burning light that shines upon a throne, they could not remain concealed, it was inevitable that they should come under the lash of the satirist. A picture published by Gillray in 1786, and which was received with general favour, tells us in plainest language what was the current opinion and feeling as regarded the royal household at the time. The Prince of Wales had disgusted all right-minded persons by his licentiousness and extravagance—had become hopelessly involved in debt, and, worse still, had incurred the distrust of his well-wishers and the nation by his dishonourable conduct. He had made a friend of the infamous Philippe Egalité, then on a forced visit to this country, and had with difficulty been prevented from accepting a loan at his hands to clear him of his liabilities. The picture is called, "A New Way to pay the National Debt," and in it the king and queen, the prince, and the premier are bitterly assailed. Their Majesties, at the head of the pensioners in military array, are issuing from the Treasury; the king laden with money-bags, and the queen with an apronful of guineas. Pitt is presenting them with another bag (marked £25,000) taken from a heap in a wheelbarrow. On the right, a little in the background, stands the prince in tatters, and the courtly-looking Frenchman (Egalité) offering a cheque for £200,000. A crippled soldier without arms or legs is seated begging in the foreground. The walls are placarded with bills: "Just published, for the benefit of posterity, 'The Dying Groans of Liberty,'" "British Property, a Farce," "Charity, a Romance," "Last Dying Speech of Fifty-four malefactors, executed for robbing of a hen-roost" (referring to the severity exercised towards some petty depredators on the king's pet farm).

Another caricature, which deals with senators with as little reserve or respect as he had shown to royalty, and which Gillray published under the title of "Uncorking Old Sherry," represents Pitt in the Windsor uniform, with a napkin marked G. R. under his arm, doing duty as butler in the vaults of St. Stephen, with a corkscrew in his hand; he has just uncorked a bottle bearing the rubicund face of Sheridan, out of which fly like froth, "Egotism," "Stale Jokes," "Stolen Jests," "Lame Puns," "Old Puns," "Loyal Boastings," "Dramatic Ravings," "Fibs, Fibs, Fibs," etc. There is a range of bottles and flasks in front, labelled and bearing the features of the Opposition leaders:—Fox, "True French Wine;" Grey, "Gooseberry Wine;" Windham, "Brandy and Water;" Tierney, "A Glass of All Sorts;" Burdett, "Brentford Ale;" Erskine, "Spruce Beer." Behind the butler, apparently upset by him, is a bottle with the features of Addington, coloured of a sickly hue, labelled "Medicinal Wine," spilling its contents on the floor. We can hardly at this time appreciate the humour involved in the different distribution of the various liquors, but it was obvious enough to the artist's contemporaries. This picture was done in the moment of enthusiasm—was dashed on a scrap of paper quick

as thought—transferred to the copper, etched, and bitten in, and ready for the press in less time than it took in those days to report a speech in Parliament. It had an astonishing success, and nobody laughed more heartily at the joke than the chief subject of it, the ruby-nosed "Sherry" himself.

We have space for little more than a bare reference to the long series of political cartoons which, from about 1780 to 1810, proceeded from Gillray's industrious hand and most fertile brain; and even had we space at command it would be quite beside our purpose to reproduce for our readers the history of those thirty years from the caricaturist's point of view. Those who have time and taste for such a retrospect we refer to Mr. Wright's *Caricature History of the Georges*, and to his splendid edition of Gillray's Works, and the story of his Life and Times—volumes to which we are indebted for much of the information we have to impart.*

As a painter of social subjects, Gillray, as we have before observed, was no less forcible and humorous than he was as a political satirist. He dealt without acrimony with the harmless frivolities of dress, no phase of which, however, escaped his notice; but it was otherwise with the vices which were the disgrace of his time. Of these gambling was one of the most prevalent, and he directed against it the full force of his sarcasm. Among the women of rank who were notoriously keepers of gaming-tables, there were three—Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Archer, and Lady Mount Edgemum—who were commonly classed together as *Faro's Daughters*. Lord Kenyon, in summing up a gambling case, referred to them pointedly, saying, "They think they are too great for the law; but if any prosecutions of this nature are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country—*though they should be the first ladies in the land*—they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory." But, alas! his lordship had not the courage of his convictions. A very short time after his threat an information was laid against several members of the aristocracy, including the three ladies mentioned above and one other, for keeping gaming-tables, and they were justly convicted; but Lord Kenyon shrank from carrying out his threat, and merely punished them by a fine. Gillray was not so indulgent: he pictured Lady Buckinghamshire being publicly flogged at the cart's tail, while two of her colleagues are standing in the pillory. In another sketch four ladies are pilloried, one of whom is supported on the shoulders of Fox (himself an indefatigable and incurable gambler) with his feet in the stocks, while the judge is burning the cards, dice, and the bank.

As Gillray lived and worked during the entire era of the great French Revolution, it is interesting to note what were his impressions with regard to it. At the beginning, like the majority of the reform party in England, he declared in its favour, and in August, 1789, gave forth his cartoon, entitled "The Offering of Liberty." The goddess is represented seated on the ruins of the Bastille, restoring the crown to a repentant monarch. Necker, personifying Virtue, and the Duke of Orleans Honour, are dragging Messalina in fetters; and Lafayette bears a white flag inscribed *Libertas*. But the progress

of events in France, and the frequently-recurring atrocities of the democrats, soon deprived them of the sympathy of the artist. In 1791 he gave the world two admirable sketches burlesquing the extremes of emotion expressed by the French at the escape and subsequent recapture of the king, the luckless Louis. In the first a group of agitated Frenchmen, with despairing shrugs and antics, are proclaiming the terrible fact that "De king is escape," which seems to have overwhelmed them in consternation and dismay. In the second they are revived by the joyful intelligence that "De king is retaken," and are indulging in ridiculous gesticulations of triumph. The drawing in both these sketches is the perfection of comical exaggeration in facial expression. In a subsequent cartoon, called "The Zenith of French Glory, the Pinnacle of Liberty, a View in Prospective," he strengthened the public dislike of the revolutionary proceedings—"Religion, Loyalty, Justice, and all the bugbears of unenlightened minds, farewell." The pinnacle of liberty is the lantern, the improvised gibbet of the sanguinary mob. Seated on a projecting lamp an apostle of liberty is fiddling furiously, and on the same support three aged ecclesiastics are hanging by the neck, while a vast crowd is assembled round a scaffold on which a guillotine is erected, the axe about to descend upon the neck of a victim—who may be taken to represent the unfortunate king. In the distance the abolition of all religion is figured in the burning temple. Over the guillotine flows the standard of equality.

In the year 1792 the political outlook was more than usually alarming. It was then that Burke, in the House of Commons, made his most violent philippic against the French. In the course of his speech he stated that three thousand daggers had been bespoken at Birmingham, many of which were already delivered. Then, producing a formidable dagger, which he had kept concealed until the effective moment, he threw it on the floor. "This," said he, pointing to it, "is what you are to gain by an alliance with France. Wherever French principles are introduced their practices must follow. You must guard against their principles; you must proscribe their persons." Then he held the ugly blade up to view, affirming that it was never made for fair and open warfare, but solely for murderous assassination. . . . "It is my object to keep the French infection from this country, their principles from our minds, their daggers from our hearts." He added, "When they smile I see blood trickling down their faces—I see that the object of all their cajoling is blood," etc., etc. After a pause, Sheridan cried out, "You have thrown down the knife, where is the fork?"—a retort which set the House laughing, and spoiled the effect of Burke's denunciations. Gillray immediately came out with his famous cartoon of "The Dagger Scene," in which Burke's attitude of nervous scorn, the peculiar curl of his lips, and his excited features, are portrayed with ludicrous fidelity. The effect on the House is extraordinary: Fox, Sheridan, and M. A. Taylor are agast at the fearful denunciations; Pitt and Dundas are virtuously alarmed; while the Speaker, annihilated for the nonce by the orator's vehemence, has disappeared in the depths of his wig. The speech which Gillray puts into the mouth of Burke is caricatured as well as his person, the artist's version of it far surpassing the original in violence of language.

* The cuts here given of Gillray's pictures are copied by permission from the beautiful edition of "Gillray's Life and Works," edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. Chatto & Windus.

On the death of Marat by the hand of Charlotte Corday, Gillray prepared a cartoon in which he won in good part the sympathy of the English people for the accused, and directed the repugnance attached to murder against her accusers. She stands before that savage tribunal, and in presence of the corpse of Marat, the very incarnation of patriotic courage and self-devotion, her simple beauty contrasting grandly with the repulsive hideousness of the monster she has slain.

But the picture which more than any other showed Gillray's appreciation of the crimes of that fearful era (while it is at the same time the most characteristic monument of his genius) appeared in 1798, under the title of the "Apotheosis of Hoche." Hoche, who was to have invaded England through Ireland, had died somewhat suddenly, and in Gillray's view his memory should be associated with the combined horrors of the great national convulsion in which he had played so conspicuous a part. "At the base of this elaborate composition are seen the plains of La Vendée given over to fire and slaughter. The republican troops are driving the wretched inhabitants into the river, and the villages are in flames, while their defenders are butchered. The scourge of war and famine, a monster with a sword of flame, is exhausting the vials of wrath over the doomed cities and their hapless inhabitants. Above this scene the figure of Hoche, seated on a rainbow, is transported to a Jacobin paradise. The heavy cavalry boots and the earthy vestments fall off in the transformation which converts the young republican firebrand into a saint. Two pistols are stuck in his waistband. He is chanting the anthem of 'Equality' in his upward flight; the guillotine is his harp, and the aureole floating round his head is the hangman's noose. A ring of red-capped cherubim are welcoming the ascension of Hoche with hymns of 'Ca ira' and the 'Marseillaise'; crowds of republicans are bearing offerings of 'assignats' and 'mandats d'arrêt', while a second and more demoniacal horde bring daggers, bayonets, scourges, and every implement of barbarous murder. Innumerable hosts of victims are pouring down to welcome the arrival of their high priest. Some of the troops bear palm-branches in one hand, and caps of liberty in the other; all are headless, martyred to the guillotine. On the other side is a similar train of revolutionary victims, sacrificed by poison, starvation, the halter, the pistol, the dagger, etc. Roland, Barbaroux, Petion, Condorcet, Marat, and others, the late companions of the great revolutionary general, are trooping down in melancholy procession to congratulate him on his arrival. The altar of equality is displayed before the faithful, while the laws of rational religion enforce the violation of every command of the Decalogue: 'Denounce thy father and mother; thou shalt murder; thou shalt commit adultery; thou shalt steal,' etc. A radiating glory of dagger-points and bayonets surrounds the new tables, before which certain composite monsters are exhibiting their ferocity. This symbolic arrangement is surrounded by three circles of cherubim, wearing the heads of monkeys, donkeys, and goats."

It were an abuse of terms to call this picture a caricature, so purely poetic is it in design, and so terrible in effect. Another picture, in which the artist has exhibited the same striking faculty of stirring the profounder feelings of the spectator is

"Sin, Death, and the Devil," a parody of a well-known passage in "Paradise Lost," and an allegorical representation of the final conflict between Lord Chancellor Thurlow and the Premier, Pitt.

"So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown—and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fated key,
Ris'n, and, with hideous outcry, rushed between."

Sin, the snaky sorceress, is represented by the Queen, with Dundas, Grenville, and the Duke of Richmond for hell-hounds. The key of hell-gate, suspended round her waist, and labelled "The instrument of all our woe," typifies the key of the backstairs. Pitt, as Death, armed with a spear, confronts Thurlow, as Satan, whose offensive weapon, a mace, is broken in his grasp. Both are drawn with astonishing power, and the entire allegory is absolutely appalling. "At the same time," it has been well observed, "one cannot help feeling that there is something in the solemn march and tone of the Miltonic verse that ill agrees with the spirit of parody, travesty, or caricature. If there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is only one step from the ridiculous to the sublime. The sense of ridicule is lost in the elevation of the thought."

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

WE lately had the pleasure of examining some old manuscripts in the possession of a Quaker family. Among them was a book containing numerous poems by Thomas Ellwood, whose name is probably best remembered as the friend of Milton. It is Ellwood of whom the well-known anecdote is told in connection with "Paradise Regained." Milton asked him what he thought of his poem, and after some discourse about it, Ellwood remarked, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" The "Autobiography of Thomas Ellwood," first published in 1714, has been several times reprinted, the latest edition at Manchester, in 1855. Several of his controversial works have also had considerable popularity among the Society of Friends. Of his poetry some pieces are also widely known, especially that entitled

A PRAYER.

"Oh! that my eyes might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear.
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast!
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, my eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Oh, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within.
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do."

The present possessor of the manuscripts is unable to furnish any detailed history of them. She only knows that they have long been in the family home in Buckinghamshire. "My husband's ancestors," she writes, "lived at High Wycombe, from the time of George Fox. In Thomas Ellwood's autobiography mention is made that the meeting-house not being sufficient to accommodate the number of Friends, they met 'in a fair parlour in Jeremiah Steevens' house.' Chalfont and other notable places are not far from Wycombe, and there is no doubt the Friends in the neighbourhood were closely drawn together during that time of persecution. Many of them imprisoned at Wycombe would claim sympathy.

"Forty years ago, on my first visit to the old family home, on seeing these and many other relics, I asked my husband's eldest sister if there were no traditions respecting them, but there appeared to be nothing beyond the fact of a close friendship having subsisted between the Penns, T. Ellwood, and the Steevens' family. At that time the manuscripts would possess merely the interest of writings handed from one Friend to another; the interest of antiquity comes in after generations. I have often since wished we could have learned whence came the old china, and the curious ornaments, and the linen with German mottoes and Scripture scenes—such as Elijah fed by ravens—with sundry other ancient articles, such as we see occasionally under glass cases when a neighbourhood turns out its antique stores for exhibition. Many such things were in the old house at High Wycombe."

Thus far, from the possessor of the Ellwood manuscripts, which seem to have owed their preservation to being neatly written in a bound volume. Whether many of them have been before published we are not aware, certainly they are known to few. Some specimens we select, before giving which we reproduce from the autobiography a few extracts, which will enable our readers to form some idea of the writer and the times in which he lived.

Thomas Ellwood (born 1639, died 1713) was the son of a country gentleman whose estate and family abode were at Crowell, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, near to which was Thame Park, the seat of Lord Wenman, a relative and intimate friend of the Ellwood family. Of this nobleman Ellwood says, "I have reason to think I should have received of this lord advantageous preferment, had I not been called into the service of the best and highest Lord, and thereby lost the favour of all my friends, relations, and acquaintances of this world." (Thomas Ellwood had in his early youth united with the followers of George Fox.)

When the civil war broke out the Ellwood family removed to London as a place of greater safety, their country abode lying very near some garrisons of the King's; and they continued there until Oxford was surrendered and the war in appearance ended.

It was during this residence in London that the parents of Ellwood contracted a close and intimate friendship with the Lady Springett, then the widow of Sir William Springett, who died in the Parliamentary service. She afterwards became the wife of Isaac Penington, with whose family during many years of Thomas Ellwood's life he was intimately associated, and it was through an introduction from them that he became the friend and pupil of Milton. This illustrious poet and learned man is often mentioned in Ellwood's autobiography. He speaks of

his first introduction to Milton after this manner: "My friend Isaac Penington had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London; and he, with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This learned person having filled a public station in the former time, now lived a retired life in London; and having lost his sight, kept always one to read to him, who usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance whom in kindness he took to improve him in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of Isaac Penington with Dr. Paget, and of Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him at certain hours, and to read to him what books he should appoint me. At our first meeting he received me courteously, and having inquired divers things of me concerning my former progression in learning, he dismissed me to provide myself with such accommodation as might be suitable to my future studies. I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house, which was then in Jewyn Street, as conveniently I could; and from thenceforth went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and sitting by him in his dining-room read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read.

"At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the full benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but also to converse with foreigners either abroad or at home, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I willingly consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English that the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it were another language. This change of pronunciation proved a difficulty to me, but my master perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement but all the help he could, for having a sure and curious ear he knew by my tone when I understood what I was reading and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages unto me."

Ill-health after a time compelled Ellwood's departure for the country, but on his recovery he renewed his studies with Milton. He says, "I was very kindly received by my master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me that my conversation I found acceptable unto him; he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return, and into our old method of study we fell again—I reading to him, and he explaining to me as occasion required."

But this time of repose, so congenial to the taste of both master and pupil, was rudely interrupted, so far as Thomas Ellwood was concerned, by a sudden outbreak of persecution which fell on Nonconformists generally, but most heavily on the Quakers, whose meetings were broken in upon by armed men, and soon the city prisons were crowded to overflowing with these innocent sufferers for conscience' sake. In reviewing this period it will be conceded by all candid and unbiassed minds that it was an epoch of appalling cruelty and wrong towards the members of this religious community. Bonds, imprisonment, and fines were their portion, and though the fires of Smithfield had ceased to burn, yet many of these champions for the right of individual inquiry in

matters of faith found a lingering and painful death in the noisome dungeons and Bridewells of the period, where, in association with felons, they were made to suffer moral pangs, to which dungeon walls beaded with the dew of unwholesome exhalations, and dungeon floors peopled by loathsome reptiles, could scarcely add further torture.

With a quaint and peculiar phraseology, it may be, but with a fine and faithful touch, many of these persecuted ones, in notes, and diaries, and autobiographies, record scenes of picturesque and pathetic interest, and deeds of moral heroism, witnessing to the world around them their zeal, their constancy of purpose, and the sublime fervour of their faith.

In some of these old records we have curious glimpses of the usages of the period. The following is Ellwood's description of the imprisonment which for a time interrupted his studies with Milton. We give it in some length as a vivid illustration of that epoch of English history.

"I was on the 26th day of 8th mo., 1662, at the meeting at the Bull and Mouth, by Aldersgate, when on a sudden a party of soldiers of the trained bands of the City rushed in with noise and clamour, being led by one called Major Rosewell. As soon as he was come within the room, having a file or two of musketeers at his heels, he commanded his men to present their muskets at us, which they did. Then he made proclamation that all who were not Quakers might depart. The soldiers had come so early that the meeting was not fully gathered when they came; and when the mixed company had gone out, he that commanded the party gave us a general charge to come out of the place, but we having come there at God's requiring, to worship Him, we stirred not, whereupon he sent his soldiers among us, with command to drive or drag us out, which they did roughly enough. When we came into the street we were received by other soldiers, who, with pikes holden lengthwise, encompassed us about as sheep in a pound, and there we stood while they were picking up more to add to our number, in which work none were so active and eager as their leader, which I observing stepped to him as he was passing by me, and asked him if he intended a massacre, for of that in these troublous times there was great apprehension. The suddenness of my question startled him, but recollecting himself he answered, 'No; but I intend to have you all *hanged* by the wholesome laws of this land.'

"When he had gotten as many as he could, he ordered the pikes to be opened before us, and giving the word to march, went at the head of us, the soldiers with their pikes making a lane to keep us from scattering; he led us up 'Martin's' and turned down to Newgate, where I expected he would lodge us, but to my disappointment he went on through Newgate, and turning through the Old Bailey brought us into Fleet Street. I was wholly at a loss whither he would lead us unless it were to Whitehall, for I knew nothing then of the Old Bridewell, but on a sudden, turning short, he brought us before the gate of that prison, where knocking, the wicket was forthwith opened, and the gaoler with his porter ready to receive us. As soon as I was in the porter directed me to a fair pair of stairs, and bade me go up and on till I could go no further; wherefore following my directions I went up a storey higher, which brought me into a room which I perceived to be a court room, and observing a door on the further side I opened

it with intent to go in, but quickly drew back affrighted at the dismalness of the place, for besides that the walls were laid with black there stood in the middle a great whipping-post, which was all the furniture it had.

"In one of those two rooms judgment was given, and in the other it was executed; it was so contrived that the court might not only hear but see, if they pleased, their sentence executed.

"A sight so displeasing gave me no encouragement to enter, until looking earnestly I espied on the opposite side a door which let me into one of the fairest rooms that, so far as I remember, I was ever in, and no wonder, for though it was now put to this mean use it had for many ages past been the royal seat or palace of the kings of England until Cardinal Wolsey built Whitehall, and offered it as a peace-offering to King Henry VIII, who until that time had kept his court in this house, and had this, as the people in the house reported, for his dining-room, by which name it then went. This room, in length, for I lived long enough in it to have time to measure it, was threescore feet, and had breadth proportionable thereto. In it on the front side were very large bay windows, in which stood great tables; other large tables were in it with benches round, and the floor was covered with rushes. Finding I had now followed my keeper's direction to the utmost point, beyond which I could not go, I sat down and considered that rhetorical saying, 'that the way to heaven lay by the gates of hell,' the black room through which I passed to this bearing some resemblance to the latter, as this comparatively might in some sort be thought to bear to the former; but I was quickly put out of these thoughts by the flocking in of my fellow-prisoners. So many Friends having been made prisoners, great work had the women to run from prison to prison to find their husbands, fathers, brothers, and servants; and no less care and pains, when found, to furnish them with provisions and other needful accommodations. But an excellent order was practised among the Friends of that city, by which certain Friends of either sex were appointed to have the oversight of the prisons in every quarter, and to take care of all Friends, the poor especially, that should be committed. This prison of Bridewell was under the care of two grave, discreet, motherly women, both widows. They provided hot meat and broth, for the weather was cold, and ordering their servants to bring it, with bread, cheese, and beer, came themselves also with it, and having placed it on a table gave notice to us that it was provided for all those that had not others to provide for them or were not able to provide for themselves.

"As for my part *tenpence* was all the money I had about me, and this was a small estate to enter upon imprisonment with, yet was I not discouraged nor had I a murmuring thought. I had known what it was moderately to abound, and if I should now suffer want I knew I ought to be content, and I was so, through the grace of God. I made no doubt that He who sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and who clothes the lilies of the field, would find means to sustain me with needful food and raiment; and I had learnt by experience the truth of that saying, Nature is content with few things.

"When the evening was far spent, I bethought myself of a lodging. Wherefore, gathering up a good armful of the rushes wherewith the floor was covered, and spreading them under one of the tables,

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I crept in upon them in my clothes, and, keeping on my hat, laid my head upon the table frame instead of a bolster. My example was followed by the rest. Having a quiet mind, I was soon asleep, and slept till the middle of the night, when awaking cold, I crept out of my cabin to walk about and warm myself, after which I lay down again and rested till morning.

"Next day many who belonged to families had bedding brought them, but I, who had none to look after me, kept to my rushy pallet, and through the merciful goodness of my God towards me, I rested and slept well, without taking cold, until one William Mucklow (who, through the mediation of his friends with Sir Richard Browne, at that time a great master of misrule in the city, and over Bridewell especially, being with some others released) courteously offered me the use of his hammock. This was a providential accommodation, which I received thankfully, both as from the Lord as from him. Before my tempest was spent, Providence, on whom I relied, sent me a fresh supply, for William Penington, a friend and merchant of London, came in love to see me, and among other things asked me how it was with me as to money. I told him I could not say I had none (his 'estate' was now reduced to 2*d.*), whereupon he put twenty shillings into my hand. I saw a Divine Hand in thus opening his heart towards me, and I received it as a token of love both from the Lord and from him. The week following, my affectionate friend, Mary Penington, sent me forty shillings, and not many days after I received twenty shillings from my father, who being then at his house in Oxfordshire, and by letter from my sister hearing I was a prisoner in Bridewell, sent this money for my support.

"Now was my pocket from the lowest ebb risen to a full tide. I was on the brink of want, yet my confidence did not fail nor my faith stagger, and now I had supplies, shower upon shower, so that I could in all humility say 'This is the Lord's doing,' and without defrauding any of the instruments, mine eye looked over and beyond them unto the Lord, and with a grateful heart I returned thanksgivings and praises to Him.

"And now the chief thing I wanted was occupation, and many of the company being tradesmen, tailors, etc., I settled among the tailors and made waistcoats of red and yellow flannel for a hosier in Cheapside, and so spent those hours with innocency which want of occupation would have made tedious, which, indeed, was all the advantage I had of it. My employer, though he knew not what I had to subsist on, when I had made dozens of waistcoats, and bought the thread myself, gave me one crown piece and no more, but I wanted work more than wages, and took what he gave me without complaint."

When Thomas Ellwood and his companions had been in Bridewell more than two months they were brought before Sir John Howell, the Recorder, where, refusing the oath of allegiance (the Friends taking the command of our Lord "Swear not at all" in its strictest sense), the prisoners were committed to Newgate, and "thrust into the common side." This prison was very full of "Friends" and others, "and our addition caused a great throng. We had the liberty of the hall, which in the day time was common to all the prisoners on that side, felons as well as others, to walk in, and we had also the

liberty of some rooms over that hall to walk in; but in the night we all lodged in one room, which was large and round, having in the middle of it a great oaken pillar, which bore up the chapel that is over it. To this pillar we fastened our hammocks at the one end, and to the opposite wall on the other, quite round the room three storeys high, one over the other, so that they who lay in the upper and middle row were obliged to go to bed first, because they climbed to the higher by getting into the lower. And under the lower rank by the wall side were laid beds on the floor, in which the sick and such weak persons as could not get into the hammocks lay. Though the room was large and pretty airy, yet the breath and steam from so many bodies packed so close together was enough to cause sickness amongst us, and I believe did so, for there were many sick and some very weak, and though we were not long there, yet in that time one of our fellow-prisoners, who lay in one of those pallet beds, died.

"This caused some bustle in the house, for the body of the deceased, being put into a coffin, was carried down and set in the lodge, that the coroner might inquire into the cause and manner of his death, and the manner of their doing it is this: As soon as the coroner is come, the turnkeys run into the street under the gate and seize upon every man that passes by, until they have got enough to make up the coroner's inquest, and so resolute are these rude fellows, that if any man resist or dispute it with them, they drag him in by main force, not regarding what condition he is of.

"It so happened that at that time they lighted on an ancient man, a grave citizen, who was trudging through the gate in great haste, and him they laid hold on, telling him he must serve upon the coroner's inquest. He besought them to let him go, assuring them he was on urgent business, and that the stopping of him would be greatly to his prejudice, but they were deaf to his entreaties. When they had got their complement, and were shut in together, the rest of them said to this ancient man, 'Come, father, you are the oldest amongst us, you shall be our foreman;' and when the coroner had sworn them on the jury the coffin was uncovered that they might look on the body. But the old man said to them, 'To what purpose do you show us a dead body here? You would not have us think, sure, that this man died in this room! How then shall we be able to judge how this man came by his death unless we see the place wherein he died, and wherein he had been kept prisoner? How know we but that the incommodiousness of the place where he was kept may have caused his death? therefore show us the place wherein he died.' This displeased the keepers, who began to banter the old man, thinking to beat him off it. But he stood up firmly to them. 'Come, come,' saith he, 'though you have made a fool of me in bringing me in hither, ye shall not find a child in me now I am here. I understand my place and your duty, and I require you to conduct me and my brethren to the place where this man died; refuse it at your peril.' The coroner then told them they must show him the place.

"It was evening when they began this work, and by this time it was bedtime with us, so that we had taken down our hammocks and were undressing, when on a sudden we heard a great noise of tongues and trampling of feet coming up towards us, and one of the turnkeys opening the door cried 'Hold, hold!

do not undress yourselves; here is the coroner's inquest coming to see you.' As soon as they came to the door, for within the door there was scarce room for them to come, the foreman, who led them, lifting up his hands, said 'Lord bless me! what a sight is here! I did not think there had been such cruelty in the hearts of Englishmen, to use Englishmen in this manner! We need not now question how this man came by his death, we may rather wonder that they are not all dead. Well, if it please God to spare my life till to-morrow, I will find means to let the King know how his subjects are dealt with.'

"Whether he did so or not I cannot tell, but I am apt to think he applied to the Mayor or Sheriffs of London, for the next day one of the Sheriffs came to the press-yard, and having ordered the porter of Bridewell to attend him, sent up a turnkey to bid all the Bridewell prisoners come down to him, for they knew us not, but we knew our own company. Being come before him he looked kindly upon us, and spake courteously. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I understand the prison is very full, and am sorry for it. I wish it were in my power to release you; but since I cannot do that, I am willing to do what I can; I would have all you that came from Bridewell return thither again, where will be better accommodation for you; and here is the porter of Bridewell, your old keeper, to attend you thither.'

"We duly acknowledged the favour of the Sheriff, who bidding us farewell the porter of Bridewell came to us and told us we knew our way to Bridewell without him, and he could trust us; therefore he would not go with us, but left us to take our own time, so we were in before bedtime. Then went we up to our friends in Newgate, and taking a solemn leave of them made up our packs to be gone, and taking our bundles on our shoulders walked two and two through the Old Bailey into Fleet Street, and so to Old Bridewell; and the shopkeepers and passengers in the way stopped us to ask what we were and whither we were going; and when we told them we were prisoners going from one prison to another, 'What!' said they, 'without a keeper?' 'No,' said we, 'our word which we have given is our keeper.' Thereupon some would advise us to go home, but we told them we could not do so; we could suffer for our testimony, but could not fly from it.

"When we were come to Bridewell we were not put in the great room where we were before, but into a room in another fair court, which had a pump in it, and here we were not shut up, but had the liberty of the court to walk in, and indeed we might have gone away if we would, but both conscience and honour stood engaged for our true imprisonment. Under this easy restraint we lay until the court sat at the Old Bailey, and then, whether it was that the heat of persecution was somewhat abated, or by what other means Providence wrought it, I know not, we were called to the bar, and without further question discharged.

"Whereupon we returned to Bridewell, and having raised some money among us, and therewith gratified the master and his porter for their kindness to us, we spent some time in a solemn meeting to return our thankful acknowledgment to the Lord, both for his preservation of us in prison, and deliverance of us out of it; and then taking a solemn farewell of each other, we departed."

Varieties.

POTSDAM GIANTS.—The Crown Prince's regiment was the Potsdam Grenadier Guard; that unique giant-regiment, of which the world has heard so much in a vague half-mythical way. The giant-regiment was not a myth, however, but a big-boned expensive fact, tramping very hard upon the earth at one time, though now gone all to the ghostly state. This life-guard regiment of foot is a giant-regiment, such as the world never saw, before or since. Three battalions of them—two always here at Potsdam doing formal life-guard duty, the third at Brandenburg on drill; 800 to the battalion—2,400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, hugely perfect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants, in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical manœuvres—like some streak of Promethean lightning, realised here at last, in the vulgar dusk of things! Truly they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment; and the shortest man of them rises, I think, towards seven feet; some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia—a very precious windfall: the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased out of every European country, at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to his Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him £1,200 before he could be got inveigled, shipped, and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence, and the portrait of this Irish fellow-citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed; all the privates of this distinguished regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them. "Redivanoff from Moscow" seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall, you could not, though yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried, one one occasion, and could not. Before Hohmann turned up, there had been "Jonas the Norwegian Blacksmith," also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant "Macdell"—who was to be married, no consent asked on either side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit old woman (all jest books know the myth)—he also was an Irish Giant, his name probably M'Dowal. This Hohmann was now *Flügelmann* ("fugleman" as we have named it, leader of the file), the tallest of the regiment, a very mountain of pipeclayed flesh and bone. The pay of these sublime foot-guards is greatly higher than common; they have distinguished privileges and treatment: on the other hand, their discipline is nonpareil, and discharge is never to be dreamt of while strength lasts.—*Thomas Carlyle's "Friedrich."*

ROMAN LONDON.—Mr. E. P. Loftus Brock, one of the honorary auditors of the British Archaeological Association, writes:—"So much interest has been taken in the Roman remains discovered on part of the site of old Newgate, that I am induced to report their present condition, the more so since so many persons saw so little on that occasion, owing to the remains being removed or covered over so quickly. The ancient vaulted passage is now partially cleared out for about 30 feet of its length, and presents a remarkable appearance. It is shown to be formed of massive blocks of squared stones, more resembling Tisbury stone than any other description known to me. The passage ends northward in an external wall, faced with square stones of similar description, and in a bold semicircular arch, having a broad chamfer on its face. The massive character of the stones may be apparent from the dimensions, one of the stones of the external arch measuring 3 feet along the soffit, while some of the stones of the passage are 2 feet 11 inches and 2 feet 10 inches long. The continuous semicircular arch of the passage (the arch in two rings before referred to) has been broken through and partly removed. In many places it is backed up by Roman bricks, and in another it sprang from a double course. It will be noticed that along its course it does not spring from an impost or a joint, but that the commencement of the arch is worked out of the solid course beneath it. The Roman walls have disappeared, but the section of one of them—a cross wall on the City side of the passage, with a double course of Roman bricks—can still be traced. It may be conjectured that the passage was a lateral opening beneath the Roman gate from the roadway, the Watling Street, to afford ready access northward to the towers and bastions of London wall, and that which is now so many feet below the modern level was then above ground. Many fragments of pottery have been found and identified as being of late Roman date. A deep circular well, with a flight of steps down to it, has been met with. These are probably of mediæval date, but are embedded in massive Roman walling."

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